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VIRGINIA:

With Other Poems,

BY

JAMES AVIS BARTLEY,

(*A. B. of Emory and Henry College.*)

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CHARLOTTESVILLE JEFFERSONIAN STEAM PRINT,
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JAMES AVIS BARTLEY

was born in Louisa county, Virginia, on the 2nd of August 1830. He was noted on account of aptitude for study. At ten years of age, he was put to Latin, and before the completion of his twelfth year he had read the Aeneid. In the Fall of 1849, Mr. Bartley became a student in Emory and Henry College: where, after pursuing his studies for three years, (having been absent one year,) he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1855, he enjoyed some lectures in the University of Virginia, and thought of composing a volume on distinguished men of his native State. In 1868-69, Mr. Bartley was a teacher of English in the Baltimore Female College. This writer has contributed verse and prose to many journals, and a few poems written by him, have appeared in three of the leading American Magazines. He is cousin to Judge Thomas W. Bartley, of Washington, D. C.

POEMS.

VIRGINIA.

Virginia's native scenes ! these live and glow
On memory's canvas ; and I fain would paint
Them truly, for an impulse, tis well known,
Moves deeply feeling souls to represent
Delightful things, in fair similitudes,
By words, forms, colors, mingling lights and shades.
Could I depict these loved familiar scenes
With art that should deserve true, unbought praise,
I should be happy—Howe'er poor the work,
If some true judge less nicely critical
Than others, here the smallest merit spy,
My heart shall own the touch of truest joy.

On th' eastern coast, the whitened sands are washed
By the Atlantic, and fair islands stud
Th' indented shores, where cypress groves adorned
With trailing moss, o'erhang the lucent pool,
And climbing plants, luxuriant, yield rare fruits
Delicious, meet to crown Olympian feast.
Ascend the narrow, tortuous James, and view
Broad flats of maize or emerald wheat or grass,
On which are browsing numerous flocks and herds.
Mark Jamestown's ruins ; bid your memory
Recall good Smith and his adventurous crew
Who laid the first foundation of this state.
Queen Richmond sits, throned by her foaming Falls,
With sleepless murmurs soothing our pleased sense.
But lofty, dense, primeval forests shut
Th' interior from the view ; yet toil and skill
Have penetrated those recesses dark.

Pass yet beyond these forest glooms, and lo !
The verdant slopes of Piedmont glad our eyes.
The Southwest mountains rise above the plains,
Or draped in clouds, or bathed in sunlight sheen ;
A peaceful, picturesque retreat where reed
Of shepherds should be heard, could but the dream
Of ancient pastoral life return again.
Here the swift Anna Rappahannock seeks,
Within green fertile banks and ancient groves,
And full Rivanna leaves her mountain springs
And hastens her tribute to the larger James.
Through parted mountain-wall he egress finds,
And broadening somewhat, rolls down to the main.
From many an eminence the eye may scan
Landscapes that shame the pencil's shrewdest skill,
For rugged Alpine grandeur, the soft grace
Of peaceful vales where rivulets strong and clear,
Like ribboned silver, gleam for miles away.
The zig-zag Blue Ridge stretches North and South,
Virginia's pride and boast, where liberty
Might stand, t' annihilate all coming foes.
Nearer, see undulating lands, some small
Pine-wooded mountains that look meekly up,
As if to reverence that higher range,
Enrobed in blue of many various shades,
From dark cerulean to the lightest tint,
Aye pleasing to the never-sated eyes.
From myriad caves a myriad of pure rills
Flash sunbeams, leap and dance and laugh away,
To fill the all-transparent pools, form streams,
And give fertility and flowery grace
To myriad coves and glens, and little meads.
By Otter creek, two spire-like peaks invite
The soul to pass into a purer space,
And see a wide extent of lower land ;
And be yet more impressed by nature's proof

Of the illimitable power of Him
Whose hands formed nature and the starry worlds.
Here, it is told that once an infidel
Beheld and recognized an injured God,
Knew the Creator, praised Him and adored.
Lynchburg sits stately by the murmuring James,
And looks with pride on those twin Otter peaks.
Pass o'er the Blue Ridge, what a vision strikes
Th' astonished gaze, and wins the feeling soul !
The flowing Shenandoah's beauteous vale
Clad in unfading green, and rich with fruits,
Where want ne'er comes, undreamed of and unknown.
Health here weds plenty and eternal peace ;
This air is rife with no malarial woes,
Still from the ground flow springs medicinal
Which soothe or conquer every dire disease.
Moreover, treasures such as Genii gave,
As told in the divine Arabian Nights,
Lie hidden round, as yet not half explored.
Weird caves beneath the day, entice to go
Beneath ; illume a thousand wondrous shapes
And magic colors, never seen above.
The Natural Bridge, an arc in solid stone,
Curves o'er an unseen chasm, and awakes
Our wonder at its perfect workmanship.
The Shenandoah's deep, pellucid stream
Displays, in sporting shoals, the speckled trout,
The angler's and the epicure's delight.
But yonder comes Potomac of the Peaks,
In loving haste, to join his brother here ;
Both, spell-bound, linger, mid the endless mead—
How shall they reach their longed for home the sea ?
They are compact, at once both rushing smite
And rend th' opposing wall of limestone hard,
Triumphant, shouting through the broken breach
With loud resounding cadence of the wind ;

Then roll majestic along the land,
By Washington and the ancestral tomb.
No flood, except the sea-like Amazon
Can vie with our Potomac, mighty sire
Of rivers North American,—nor make
Comparison with Mississippi's power,
That bears a commerce on his bosom broad.
The Chesapeake's capacious waters ope
Before the vision; white with motley craft
Which ply, with wheel or sail, to every point,
Bearing the freights of pleasure or of gain.
The South-side claims our notice—many a charm
Of landscape, field and wooded space, delay
The well-pleased eye of traveler as he wends.
The straight tall pines, in wide infinitude,
O'ertop the oak and tangled undergrowth :
They, seen at twilight's witching hour by dreamy eyes,
Appear old knights close-marshalled for the wars.
The fields are whitest snow, though summer yet
Holds sceptre, where soft cotton bolls unfold :
The Indian's bitter weed, in countless rows,
Awaits the knife, or else the early frost
Intruding, which the planter often fears.
The genial suns and longer warmth afford
A perfect ripeness to the luscious fruits
That blush within these regions fair and broad.
Behold ! the Southwest looms, a Paradise
Of ancient trees, long valleys, meadows rich
On which sleek herds and flocks in millions feed ;
The fairest portion of this rich domain—
Owning too, such strong points of natural charm
That Wordsworth here might not have sung his mounts
And meres in English Cumberland, I ween.

O wide-spread land, by none on earth surpassed,
And meet to be a king's dominion—

Yet here a king were insignificant
Where men grow royal through their inner worth,
And not for "arms" which cunning thieves invent
And wear abroad, to dazzle common eyes,
Yet common hands must still support their pride ;
Land bearing freemen a superior type
Of mankind, learned, poised and calm withal,
Who know the means to win respect from men :
In battle brave, conceding in no point
Essential honor ; merciful if sued ;
Steadfast for right, e'en to the bitter death.
Let no one scorn Virginia in his heart,
Nor think a caveat to my lofty praise ;
For when he'd seek her glory to gainsay
At man he aims his silly, futile strength,
And the rebound shall grind to dust himself.
Though clouds at times obscure the radiant disk
Of the transcendent sun who gladdens space ;
These but by contrast shall his gold increase,
When he breaks through their foil, with strengthened beams :
So sorrow's envious shadows which oppressed
Virginia's brows a season, Honor's sun
Soon dissipates, to leave no saddening trace,
No memory of gloom, in her aspect,
And she must shine with that illustrious day
Which dazzles all men's eyes forevermore.

BLUE VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS.

My blue Virginia mountains rear
Their mighty masses, bear the clouds
While Boreas rages through the air,
The valleys in black tempests shrouds ;

Now when the Southwest breathes his mild
 And genial breath this way again,
 Fair blooms the Springtimes's favorite child
 Where laughing rivulets seek the plain.

Near in a cove so deep and still
 And clinging to a huge rock's side,
 Where rival birds their answers trill
 And fresh flowers blow in vernal pride :
 My roof I see, returning glad
 From roaming unloved foreign strands,
 And now my heart no longer sad
 To home is knit with stronger bands.

O blue Virginia mountains ! why,
 Why did I wish afar to rove ?
 To wander on, yet still to sigh
 Mid scenes the exile cannot love ?
 Yes, now my folly all is o'er !
 Ill-thinking man who once could roam !
 O blue, loved peaks and meadow shore !
 To draw my latest breath at home !



UNIVERSITY SONG.

Away, vain Fancy's mien and voice ;
 Now we will scorn all lighter joys ;
 Dip deep in Learning's fountains old,
 And bring up wealth more true than gold.
 Away ! O Fancy vain, away !
 And Love, away ! away ! away !

Fly, fly from these deep haunts, Desire,
 And Love that thrills our blood like fire ;

For Learning cold and Truth severe
Inherit us who sojourn here.

Flee, Fancy vain ! go, fond Desire ;
No more to rule our wills, aspire.

E'en while we sing away, away !
To Fancy vain and Love's sweet sway ;
E'en now the banished twain return,
Warm in our hearts these live and burn :
Alas ! for Learning's fountains old !
Alas ! for wealth more true than gold !

Though in these haunts, then, many a year
Mind shall be good and Learning dear ;
Still Love and Fancy's power for aye
With these shall hold divided sway—

Loved Fancy, flee not ! stay, Desire !
To both, with Learning, we aspire.

—

*THE REV. CREED FULTON, FOUNDER OF EMORY
AND HENRY COLLEGE.*

The wreath that decks the conqueror's brow
Must bear a crimson stain ;
High Justice will no bays allow
For those who worship gain.

The poet's garland sooner dies,
On an unworthy head ;
False aureola quicker flies,
Than midnight's meteor sped.

To whom, then, is the laurel crown
Sincerely, truly, given—
Despite pale Envy's sickly frown—
By all-dispensing heaven?

To him who, seeing man's estate
Of fallen dignity,
Feels, plans, and labors, nor too late,
Man's champion to be:

To banish darkness from the mind,
And sorrow from the heart,
And culture's graces, joys refined,
To human life impart:

Till man becomes a temple pure,
Where God doth deign to dwell,
And bids bright cherubim assure
His soul from death and hell.

Honor our Fulton who displayed
A wise philanthropy,
To found within this virgin shade,
An aid to Liberty.

A shining light set on a hill
To radiate glad beams,
And chase the phantom shapes of ill,
And bring day's kindlier dreams.

He sleeps—for mortal powers must fail—
In yonder shrub-grown close,
Where calls through summer noons the quail,
And blooms the wilding rose:

And sigh the solemn, bending pines,
Sad requiems endlessly;
And dim the noon-sun's radiance shines,
Where broods death's mystery:

Forgot—but with his own loved dead—
 His son beside him sleeps,
Where honor bows her star-crowned head.
 And watch o'er her own keeps.

'Tis our deep shame that pilgrim eyes
 From no mark hence are bent,
When yonder classic halls arise
 His life-time's monument.

Forgive, O who didst bring us day !
 Our minds unlike to thine ;
So late, thy friendship we repay,
 And make thy tomb a shrine !



RECOLLECTION.

While wandering on through many a scene
 My mind will oft revert,
Back to a stream and meadow green,
 Hard by a woodland's skirt,
In old Virginia's distant land—
 It was my native spot ;
And tread I whatsoever strand
 That ne'er can be forgot.

How well I see the ancient roof,
 When there my eyes explore ;
'Gainst rains and suns it stood still proof,
 While with its open door
It seemed to welcome all to pass
 Within, and taste its cheer,
Nor spurned e'en the sad vagrant class
 Away with taunt or sneer.

The genial neighbors often came,
 For visits short or long,
 For social chat, or harmless game,
 Or play or simple song.
 And field-sports the boon youngsters knew,
 To chase the timid hare,
 Or rouse the fox and hurry through
 The bracing, morning air.

O careless, happy time of youth
 And scenes beloved still !
 Where shall we find again your truth
 Within a world of ill !
 Then let me oft and oft revert
 To that familiar spot,
 Hard by the stream and woodland's skirt—
 'Twill never be forgot !



SONNET.

Thy meek and gentle beauty—those soft eyes,
 Large, blue, and brilliant, dreamy like the night ;
 A form, in motion pleasing to the sight,
 And beautiful in rest e'en to surprise !
 When the light sparkling waves of laughter rise
 Unto thy virgin lips, thy cheeks' pure light,
 With these all being seems to laugh, despite
 Time's manifold and mighty agonies—
 And I, my former loneliness forgot,
 The bitterness of a neglected lot,
 Behold the earth with flowers of Eden dight
 Gracing the courts and every secret spot,
 With the sweet dews of that first morning bright,
 Joys which my soul before imagined not.

TO ——

In vain shall rivalry employ
Her tireless, cunning arts,
And Malice hurl, with fiendish joy,
Her poison-pointed darts :

We scorn their crime of madness bred
Nor all their power we fear ;
Since all the drops of sorrow shed
Have rendered each more dear.

The power who rules in heaven above
On earth has made us one ;
He guards the tie divine of love
Too strong to be undone.

Despite the shadows passing o'er,
He smiles upon our fates ;
And souls that love thus more and more
Eternal bliss awaits.



A CHARLOTTESVILLE BEAUTY.

By loved Rivanna's winding wave,
Dwells a sweet lady fair,
The dearest one that fate e'er gave
To rob the heart from care.

Her neck and brows like lilies white ;
The reddest blooming rose,
When placed upon her cheek's pure light,
No more its beauty shows.

When standing she appears a grace,
 And seated she's a queen !
 No object that our eye can trace,
 In motion's lovelier seen.

Her smile is like the morning beam,
 It glads my inmost soul.
 And chases sorrow's phantom gleam
 With conquering control.

And she's an angel sent to earth
 To lighten and to save,
 A creature of transcendent worth,
 The dearest fate e'er gave.



YE GIRLS OF PIEDMONT'S VALES AND HILLS.

Ye girls of Piedmont's vales and hills,
 How graceful are your forms !
 The brightness of your blooming cheeks
 The soul within me warms.
 Your braids of long, luxuriant hair
 Are auburn, brown, or gold ;
 And all that minstrels sang as fair
 In you our eyes behold.

Your voices chime like mellow notes
 From some sweet sea-nymph's shell ;
 The strange aerial music leads
 My soul with witching spell.
 I hearken, and I leave the earth
 In poet's world to live
 And drink in joys and golden worth
 That truth could never give.

Ye girls of Piedmont's vales and hills,
From you I'll never fly ;
Bound by your chains, I'll have no wish,
But e'en with you to die.
Fair blooming girls I love the best !
But say you'll kindly weep,
Then blest in life, I'll happy rest
In death's unending sleep.

- - - - -

OH, NOW I FEEL AND WEEPING OWN.

Oh, now I feel and weeping own
How vain my wish to speak ;
Love strong as mine, and so alone,
Finds all its words too weak ;
And stills, in sacred silence deep,
Thoughts it would utter yet must keep.

Yet, lady fairer than all things
Mine eye hath ever seen,
Than reason knows, or fancy brings
From worlds of brighter sheen.
Friend sweeter than the light of life !
With love my soul is over-rife !

Oh, peerless, wondrous beauty ! say
I may not wretched rove ;
But I thy smile shall see for aye
Reveal undying love—
Drear age and sickness blest can be,
And even Death were sweet, with thee.

BLISS IN A COTTAGE.

Yon tiny white cot on the brow of the hill,—

Oh, know you that low humble shed is my own?
That I dwell there in bliss, and my heart feels no thrill
Of the pain, that in roving before it has known.

The clematis climbs o'er the sun-lighted wall,

And the throstle sings near in the green poplar tree,
Till the shadows of eve o'er the gray hillocks fall
And the low languid breeze dies in soft melody.

Oh, deem you that anxious my thoughts now must be,

As I hasten the way that shall bring my feet there?
At length a sweet face at my threshold I see,
Who joys that my footsteps to her now repair.

Away, false ambition! the world's empty cares!

The cottage is mine, and I prize this alone;
And, blest in the thoughts which my cherished mate shares,
A king's not more happy who sits on his throne.

*WITH A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.*

Oh, love! these fair flowers all a-blow

I send unto thy hand—

What the reception they shall know

Fate surely must command;

Yet, since they are the richest gems

The genial springtime gives,

And freshly ta'en from growing stems

And thickest clustering leaves—

Oh! think at least how they express

A living lover's mind,

And in each emblem's worthiness

A heart's affection find!

A ROSE IN AUTUMN.

O rare late rose past season blown,
 Hardly, and by nice care :
Now thou dost make true bliss my own,
 When I should else despair.

The fair ones of the jocund spring
 Did laugh on many a breast;
And laurelled knights fond-lingered,
 Received the summer's best.

I mated with the brilliant throng
 Through both the seasons' pride ;
While yet I sang the duteous song,
 Fate still my bliss denied.

At length the leafy months all passed,
 And hope the false one fled ;
My love unto the earth was cast
 To molder with the dead.

Then me a pitying angel brought
 This rare bud from bright clime ;
Now sober autumn days are fraught
 With sweets of vernal time.



IN EARLY LIFE'S UNCLOUDED MORN.

In early life's unclouded morn,
 I gazed on one all-beauteous face !
Then all the charms my heart had borne
 That brighter beauty did efface.

And more than all I did love thee,
 Did sing thy high unrivalled praise,
 And thou didst sweetly smile on me,
 Didst list my simple, heart-felt lays.

And we were pledged to wedded be,
 Two hearts were passing happy then ;
 All life was pretty poetry
 And Eden come to earth again.

But oh ! Death saw and envied us,
 He ruthless severed us full soon :
 Our Eden fled—so beauteous !
 And Death's long sleep appeared a boon.

Cowled Grief became my comrade then,
 My faithful guard and closest friend ;
 And I shall ne'er be glad again
 Till weary pilgrimage shall end.



CONFIDING LOVE.

When love doth know calm confidence,
 Nor fears its precious trust betrayed,
 With joy on truth forever stayed,
 Suspicion banished thence :

No other bliss from yon dear skies
 Descends to fill the hungering breast
 And make it so supremely blest ;
 For this is—Paradise.

TO ——

Yes ! thou art fairer than the rose
Begemmed with dew of morn ;
Thy beauty rare that mocks compare,
In heaven was surely born.

To me more sweet than poetry
Thy presence, looks and smiles,
Thy teasing way, and humor gay
And shrewd yet harmless wiles.

But when I mark those great bright tears
Suffuse those blooming checks,
My breast is filled, and wildly thrilled,
With grief my lip ne'er speaks.

To vow I love thee were a word
That any false could tell—
This heart doth beat but to repeat
Its truth unspeakable !

And till it yields to pain and death
And throbs and lives no more,
Its pulses own this love alone,
None after or before !



HARD BY RIVANNA'S SPARKLING WAVE.

—
Hard by Rivanna's sparkling wave
Dwells a fair maid who charms my eye,
One to whom nature kindly gave
Each potent spell of witchery.

The form of grace, the cheer's soft hue,
 The pendent wreaths of auburn hair,
 The languid eyes of melting blue,
 The deathless thoughts that lighten there.

Ah ! who that ever felt those charms
 Beam full upon his eye and soul
 More deeply than the Summer warms,
 Could e'er resist their strong control ?

And I—my heart's enkindled flame
 Burns deep and burns forevermore ;
 Consuming yet fore'er the same,
 Whose warmth those eyes must still restore.



*HOW HAPLESS HE WHO PROUDLY SPURNS**

How hapless he who proudly spurns
 Sweet love's true heaven-born flame !
 For once illumed, it brightly burns,
 Through every fate, the same :
 In blest prosperity it shines
 With radiant, gladsome beams,
 Nor e'er in sad despair declines,
 Fed by fond hope's fair dreams.

Let not one heart refuse its sway
 But welcome its soft chains !
 His eye alone sees heavenly day
 O'er whom love truly reigns.
 His is the sole beatitude,
 Blest even in soft sighs ;
 Love glads this earthly solitude
 And makes it Paradise.

REMEMBRANCE.

Should cruel Fate bear me away
From joys that dwell with thee,
Sweet friend I hold the dearest, say
Thou'l still remember me.

When lovers view each face no more,
This must their solace be,
Thought may the image yet restore
In faithful memory.

Yes ! dear it is to every heart
Remembrance thus to claim :
It dulls misfortune's pointed dart
To have a friend the same.

Oh ! if I stray alone, unblest,
O'er loveless land and sea,
Joy still with me shall be a guest
If thou'l remember me.



OH, LOVE! REMEMBER ME.

Oh, love ! remember me,
When eyes have wept adieu,
For I will think of thee,
With fond affection true.

The only blissful thought
When faithful lovers part—
The sole balm fate has brought
To heal the breaking heart—

Is, neither is forgot,
 As neither doth forget,
 Till envy's evil wrought,
 Fond souls again have met.

Yes ! love was surely given
 To bless us evermore ;
 Together—and, when riven,
 Our raptures to restore.



MY LOVE FOR THEE, FAIR MAID, IS PURE !

My love for thee, fair maid ! is pure
 As earth-born love may be ;
 Ay, 'tis divine and must endure
 Through all eternity.

The mind is formed never to die,
 Affection cannot fade ;
 When all yon stars that light the sky,
 Have fallen and decayed,

The soul shall live, and purified
 Its passion from all stain,
 Where holy ones in bliss abide,
 Shall claim its own again.

My love for thee, dear maid ! may claim
 The blest even now to share
 Its holocaust of sacred flame,
 Its worth beyond compare.

A GENUINE PASSION.

Oh, when a genuine passion warms
The deeply feeling breast,
Truth then despairs the spoken forms
By which this were expressed.

The lover gazes on one face ;
When absent, paints in thought :
He worships every matchless trace
That Beauty's hand hath wrought.

Yet should he struggle to portray
In words the love he feels,
Half of his joy he should gainsay,
And thus no song reveals

The heaven a genuine passion is ;
But bosoms moved as mine,
Ne'er need be told the peerless bliss
That makes their fate divine.

*THE ROSES OF RIVANNA'S MEAD.*

How lovely are the roses blooming
In our Rivanna's verdant mead !
Each passing breeze with sweets perfuming,
As on the golden moments speed.

I fondly stay to view their beauty
In waking dreams of sweet delight,—
To love whom is both joy and duty,
For God has robed them in His light.

Ah ! yet of all the roses blooming
 The summer through, so rare and sweet,
 Their precious odor-gifts bestowing
 On airs that come the flowers to greet,

One rose unrivalled bears my spirit
 To perfect rapture's heavenly height,
 And bids my mortal mind inherit
 Dear joys no coming change can blight.



THY FORM AND FACE ARE PASSING FAIR.

Thy form and face are passing fair ;
 I feel thy beauty's potent spell ;
 Thy bird-like accents, blithe and sweet,
 In memory echoing ever dwell.

Where'er I rove, where'er I toil
 In friendlessness and silent pain,
 I greet the vision of thy charms,
 I list thy music's warbled strain.

And when I send my orisons
 On trembling, soaring wings to heaven,
 For thee, for thee, O beauteous one !
 My warmest, purest prayer, is given

And is this passion genuine love ?
 O throbbing heart of mine, reply !
 To thee alone, O fairest maid !
 I heave a faithful lover's sigh.

BEAUTY.

Beauty displays its magic true
In morning's blush, in evening's glow,
In rainbow tints, in glistening dew
That decks the thousand flowers that blow.
In manhood's perfect living form,
In maiden's snow-and-vermeil cheeks ;
Yet in her eyes its dearest charm
Her studious lover fondly seeks.
As day-dreams of the poet's mind
Its images of beauty throng ;
In sleep's dominions less confined
It witches still with power how strong.
Now, what is beauty ? Who can tell
The secret of its fadeless charm ?
None can explain, all feel the spell
For e'en the coldest this can warm.
Beauty to glad us here doth shine,
Brokenly as through shattered glass ;
But we shall find it the divine,
Whene'er beyond the veil we pass.
There doth its Perfectness shed round
Its own full radiance evermore,
There the Ideal shall be found
We sigh for on this fading shore.

PARTING.

'Tis joy to meet, 'tis bliss to stay,
But oh ! how sad is parting !
In spite of reason's tranquil sway,
The anguished tear is starting.

And what can glad the lonely hours
 Or satisfy my yearning,
 While still the adverse heavenly powers
 Delay my glad returning?

Fond memory may afford her aid
 To soothe my lingering sorrow,
 And hope's beam gild the midnight shade
 With radiance of the morrow:

But oh! the heart, the loving heart,
 Robbed of its sweetest treasure,
 Can have in joy no real part,
 And ne'er shall know true pleasure:

Till, past the gloomy period o'er
 Which all life's joys blighted,
 We meet, to part and weep no more,
 Forever reunited.



A TREASURE.

There is a treasure that I crave,
 I ceaselessly desire to have.
 It is not glittering yellow gold,
 Nor sparkling diamond's beams untold,—
 Though men for those pass sleepless nights
 And barter all serene delights.
 Who will divine this treasure's name,
 And fix in human speech the same?
 Must I the secret truth impart
 And say it is—one Fond True Heart?

A BALLAD.

Hard by Rivanna's mountain stream
That pours a yellow flood,
In winter's mist and summer's beam
A mansion long has stood.

Late in it lived a maiden fair,
Whom well I once did know ;
All golden was her flowing hair,
Her eyes with love a-glow.

She reigned in nature's kingdom good,
By love's own sovereign right ;
The tiniest flower in solitude
Received and paid delight.

And when a handsome stranger came,
Who through the world did roam,
He shared, although unknown his name,
Her hospitable home.

And oh ! this maiden loved him well—
He was, alas ! untrue ;
Then grief within her heart did dwell,
And soon she sickly grew.

Yet she ne'er breathed the false one's name,
And all mistook the sign ;
They said consumption's hectic flame
Betokened her decline.

And ere a twelvemonth had rolled round,
She yielded to her grief ;
And died when nature's brow was crowned
With blossom and with leaf.

They buried her in holy earth—
God took his wounded dove :
She wins, to pay her heart's sad dearth,
Heaven's perfect, deathless love.

TO—

When first our eyes in passion met
 And lip to lip was pressed,
 And love's undying flame was lit
 In each tumultuous breast;
 The tie then thrown around us twain
 Became too strong to break;
 Wealth, poverty, scorn, hate, joy, pain
 In us no fears awake.

Along a path untrod before
 We journey day by day,
 Glad bands of angels harping o'er
 The rose-engirdled way;
 And if the thistle wounds us sore
 Love brings a sovereign balm,
 Whose heavenly virtues soon restore
 Sweet joy and healthful calm.

True love's a rose of heavenly birth
 'Neath Joy's celestial skies—
 Transplanted, to this planet's worth
 It adds unnumbered dyes
 Of beauty else unseen, unknown;
 Its deep and holy charm
 O'er all the changing landscape's thrown
 With hue aye bright and warm.



WEDLOCK.

Without thee, spot hath never smiled;
 E'en Paradise would be
 A flowerless and treeless wild,
 If there I found not thee.

For who can tell how close the tie
That joins two wedded hearts ?
The blow that breaks their sympathy
The life-chord also parts.

No machinations of our foes,
No fate beneath the sun,
Can part the bond that stronger grows
As varying years roll on.

We set but one united face
To every envious storm ;
Though winter nature's joys efface,
Our household fires glow warm.

We twain who now so long are one,
Whom equal raptures move !—
While shines above the all-gladdening sun,
Life's sweetest pleasures prove.



TO —

When far from scenes where joy and thou
Together still must dwell,
Perchance the thought will cloud my brow
The sorrowing tear will swell.
Then it would be a solace sweet
When dark is all I see,
That once I heard those lips repeat—
I will remember thee !

Remember me ! Oh ! I can ne'er
The cherished past forget ;
Its recollection would be dear
When hope's last beam had set

This one boon I will crave from thee
 Ere yet I must be gone,
 That thy fond faithful memory
 Retain thy absent one.

And if kind heaven relenting late
 Say I may yet return,
 Nor longer roam disconsolate
 And for lost friendships yearn :
 What joy 'twill be to know that ne'er
 Thou hast forgotten me,
 That thy sweet promise was sincere—
 I will remember thee !



WEDDED LOVE AT HOME.

O naught can sever two fond hearts
 That fate has joined as one,
 No rival's power, nor flatterer's arts,
 Can make the tie undone :—
 Which links these aye in bliss or woe
 One home, one hope, one name,
 To share each various chance below,
 In life, in death the same.

Within their fortress peace abides,
 Here hope prophetic sings ;
 Love the enchanter kindly hides
 Life's coarser, ruder stings.
 O fairest and most holy scene
 To mortal gaze e'er given,
 Arrayed in sinless Eden's sheen,
 The image of lost heaven !

LONG I BELIEVED THIS FOND HEART KNEW.

Long I believed this fond heart knew
The sacred flame of love—
This having pierced my being through,
No more I had to prove.
But then I had not thee espied
In peerless beauty dight;
The world's chief gem and choicest pride,
And mortal's best delight.

How these enchanted eyes now dwell
On those effulgent charms,
And love's deep, soul-transporting spell
My heart entirely warms!
The heart that ever felt the power
Of one o'ermastering thought,
Must own, in its most truthful hour,
Its former loves were naught.

JULY FOURTH, 1883.

Give praise where praise is clearly due;
Honor the dead whose lives were true,
Those hero-sons of every clime
Whose actions made their fates sublime.
Here, honor most the mighty man
From whom our greatness first began:
The brave, the philosophic sage
Who read, in Reason's patent page,
Man's general, true equality—
His rights; on this green globe to be;
To breathe dear liberty with life,

Not bought by blows or bleeding strife ;
To fear no brother's insolent greed
Pursuit of pleasure may impede ;
To roam the lands, to check the seas,
And probe the heaven's deep mysteries ;
To be what wisdom first designed,
Untrammeled body, freest mind ;
Unchallenged to God's shrines to come ;
And do the pieties of home,
Those living streams of Paradise
Whose fountains e'en within us rise.

Yes, honor Jefferson, the most,
A mighty people's proudest boast,
With festive eloquence and song,
And still his lofty praise prolong,
With peals that pierce earth—ocean—sky,
Whence deep-bass thunders make reply :
With monuments of solid rock
Whose strength the fiercest storm may mock ;
Where grateful eyes can read the name,
The highest on the scroll of fame.
He took, he held the leader's place,
But all the world stood to his face :
He never blenched, he never swerved,
Nor sunny calms nor clouds observed,
But risked purse, life—more, honor's life ;
Nay, all—in that immortal strife
Which did man's liberty restore,
And broke his chains forevermore.

VIRGINIA :

With Other Poems,

BY

JAMES AWIS BARTLEY,

(*A. B. of Emory and Henry College.*)

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ANALOGY

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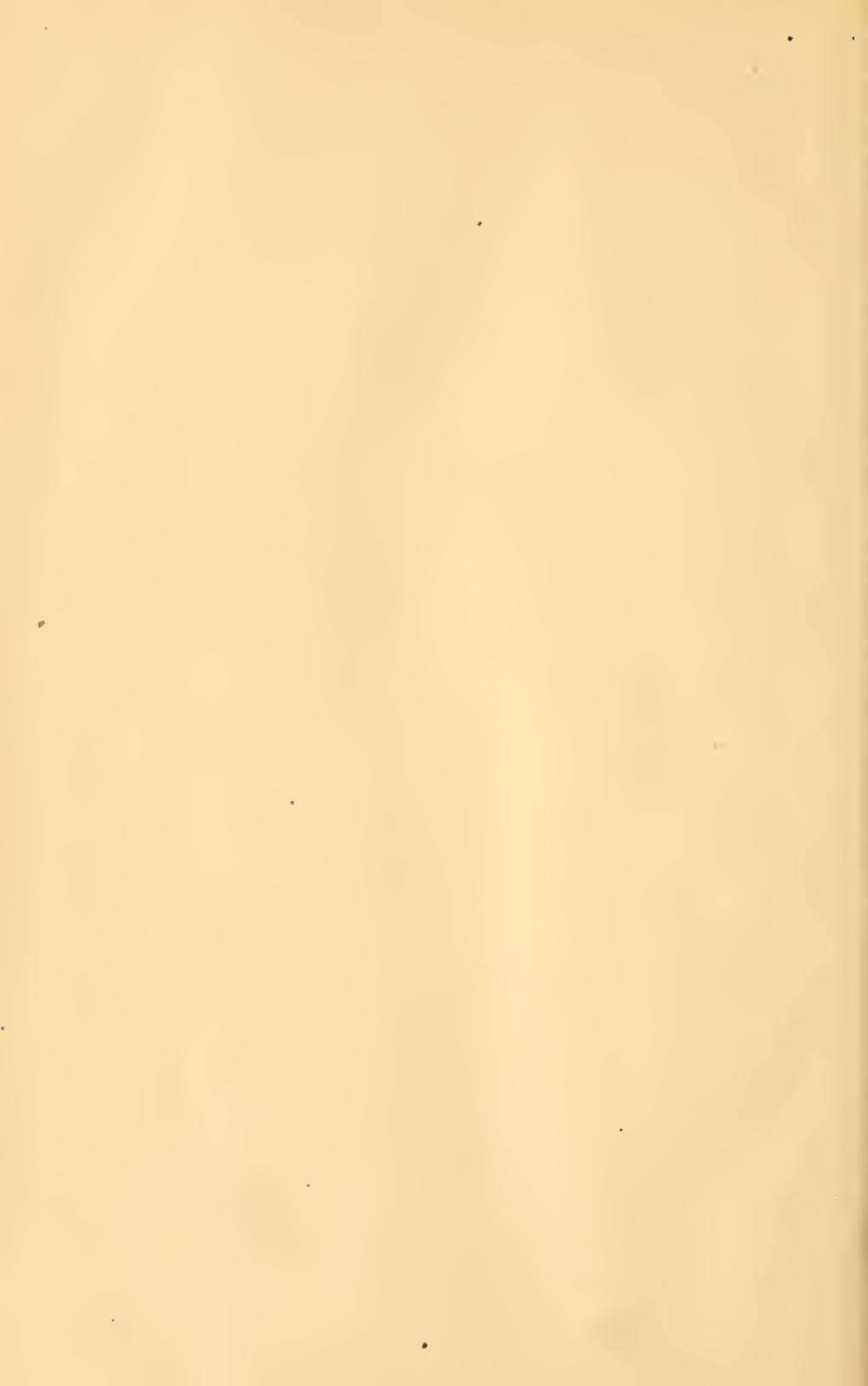
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